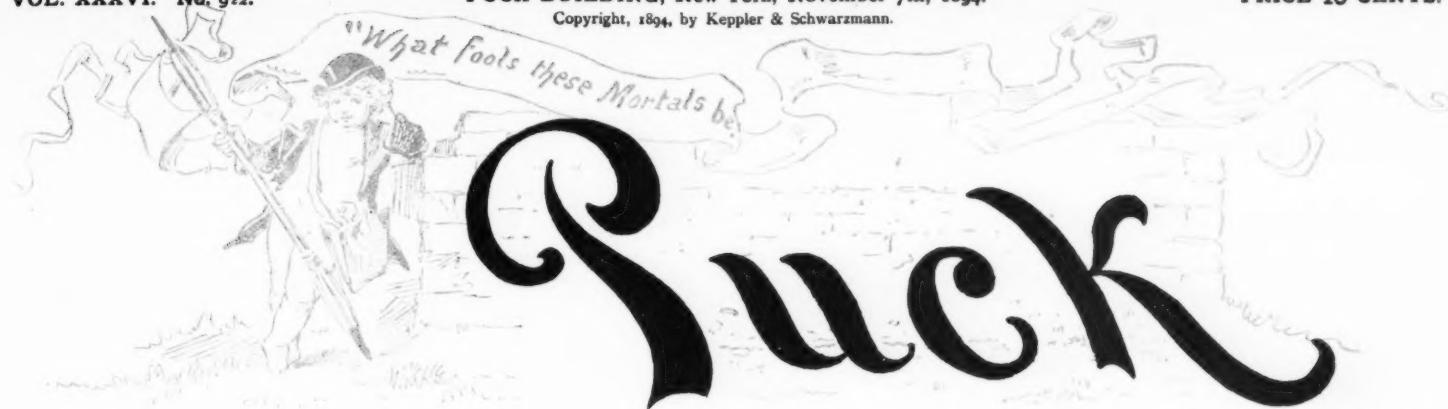


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"IN AT THE DEATH."



AT ELLIS ISLAND.



**S**HE'S LEFT ould Ireland, ashore,  
She's sailed across the sea—  
This day I'll see her step ashore,  
Oh, happy day for me!  
Small wonder, then, this Irish boy  
Is thrimbling through his skin,  
An' in a fever heat wid joy  
To see his ship come in.

Heart of my heart, it's far apart  
For two long years we've been,  
But the time is past, and now at last  
You've come to me, Eileen.

Long have I toiled and striven  
To see this blessed day,  
When she to me'd be given.  
Cruel was the long delay;  
I made a home and sent for her,—  
My prayers 'twixt her and harm—  
And, see! she stands to greet me, sir,  
Her bundle on her arm.

Life of my life, my darling wife,  
Long has the parting been;  
But 'cross the sea you've come to me,  
Mavourneen, my Eileen.

R. L. M.



AN EMERGENCY MAN.

OFFICE-IMP.—Please, sir, the fo'man says we're outen copy.  
EDITOR.—Out of copy? Well, tell him to mix up that  
tea-tasting article with that Dresden China essay—head it "War  
Over Corea," and let her go!



A DISTRACTION.

MRS. BROWN.—Considering the trouble you have with dyspepsia, I should think you would n't insist on eating everything!

BROWN.—My dear, the only time I don't feel miserable is when I'm eating.

THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

The Indians used to light their great chiefs to the Happy Hunting Grounds with pine knots; but we send murderers along with 30,000 candle-power.

HEADED THE WRONG WAY.

"This getting in debt is a bad scheme. You ought to pay as you go."  
"I'd like to; but I'm always going broke."

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

FOREMAN (*Barnes' Corners Republican Banner*).—No locals at all this week, 'cept Jabe Gormley's saw-mill's shut down, 'count o' low water?

EDITOR.—Yes; that's all. But, don't you see, I can make a reference to it in my editorial: "A Democratic Administration; —the hum of industry is silenced in our midst by the infamous Wilson Bill."

THE FARTHER off we get from our good deeds, the larger they look; the farther off we get from our bad deeds, the smaller they look.

A THEORIST is a man with perfect confidence in his imagination.

THE MAN who never knows when he is beaten would be perfectly happy if he could get rid of the suspicion that other people may be better posted.

## TO THREE PAIRS OF OLD SHOES

As I sit by the fireside here smoking  
And dreaming of days now gone by,  
I stir up the logs with a shiver  
And glance round the room with a sigh;  
There is nothing poetic about it,  
It would sometimes encourage the blues;  
But there, in a far-away corner,  
I catch sight of three pairs of old shoes.

And my mind travels back to the Summer,  
To that beautiful spot by the sea  
Where I ferried my love o'er the river  
To the bar where the rollers broke free;  
When the rising tide caught us completely,  
For our boat it had drifted away,  
And I carried her over so neatly,—  
Yes, I wore those old sneakers that day.

She was tall, with the grace of a fairy,  
And fairy-like, too, was her tread;  
As I walked through the woods with Miss Mary  
The red lily lifted her head  
To look at my lady in wonder,  
And the blueberry offered its fruits;  
Then my loved one no flower was sweeter,  
Yes, I wore then those waterproof boots.

Then that night when the dancing was over,  
And we sat in the light of the moon,  
When I told her I could not but love her,  
And my anguish was ended—too soon:  
She refused me, most calmly and sweetly,—  
Can you wonder that I'm in the dumps,  
When you know that upon that last evening  
I wore those confounded old pumps?

E. W. Hamlen.

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IT IS the better-half that does n't know as much about how the other half lives as she would like to know.

MANY A MAN is expected to be the architect of his son-in-law's fortune.

STANDING IN silence by the ship's rail they watched until the shores of her native land were lost to sight.

Fondly the prince looked into the face of his bride.

"Darling," he tenderly asked, "do you look to the future with any feeling of uncertainty?"

"No. See!"

To prove her trust, she showed him the return trip ticket she had purchased.

### INCREASING.

HER CHEEK turned red; "May be," she said,  
With angry, flashing eye,  
"You think you're very smart because  
You kissed me on the sly."

"Yes, dear," her lover made reply;  
"I find in some strange way  
That, as the time goes on, I grow  
More clever every day."



HANDSOME IS as handsome's grandfather did.

WEDLOCK SHOULD never be bolted.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL — The Railroad Track.

"I AM A self-made man."  
"Well, you need not waste any money securing a patent."

NO MAN ever attains dignity so great but that some one will call him by his first name.

PARADOXICAL AS it may appear, the Jew often fails to get rich.

WHEN A man has money to burn, he invariably allows it to burn a hole in his pocket.



### NOT A POPULAR AIR.

DOLAN.—Phwat shtartet the foight at the Fenian Fencible's armory last night?

HEALEY.—The min had jist comminced to go through the manual of ar-rums whin Costigan came in, whistling "Drill, ye Tarriers, Drill."

## THE GENIUS OF COOGLER.



E HAVE received a little volume entitled "Poems by J. Gordon Coogler, Columbia, South Carolina," with a request from the author to "please notice."

Book reviews are not in our line, but a careful study of these poems has convinced us that their gifted author is really in need of some fearless criticism, and he shall have it. Although we may be frank to the verge of severity, it must be understood that we have no wish to belittle the undoubted genius of Mr. Coogler.

Rather would we indicate seemlier angles for its future flights, and free it from what we feel sure is a taint of insincerity—or hypocrisy, we might almost say.

In the first place, Mr. Coogler's introduction, is misleading:

"I have occupied no valuable time in writing poetry. All my productions have been written during my spare moments, chiefly at nights. In the many Poems I have written and published (both in newspaper and book) I have never lost sight of God and Heaven. I have published no sentiment that would tend to suggest evil or mislead any one; but rather it has been my one great aim to express that true sentiment which elevates and ennobles mankind. The two books I have already published and sold throughout this land I trust will remain household gems for purity and truth. In no single instance has it ever reached my ears of any one's questioning the purity of my verse. I have adopted no style of writing from any of the poets. My style is MY OWN, purely original; my sentiment also. I have borrowed no words intentionally from any author."

After that, the true lover of poetry, sickened by the rank impurity or the imitative inanity of our modern verse-makers, burns eager with hope—but only to be chilled by disappointment—for many of these poems are not such as, in our estimation, should be taken into the home. We repeat, we do not wish to be needlessly harsh with Mr. Coogler; naught but a stern sense of justice and the conviction that we may be of use to him prompts us to score him. Mr. Coogler is both fleshly and imitative. Here, for instance, is the influence of the improper Mr. Swinburne:

"I could n't but love her snowy neck,  
In beauty grand without a speck  
Or trace at all;  
And looking them at her pretty feet,  
I praised that lower gift complete  
And very small.  
Like the leaves of the Summer rose  
Were her pink cheeks and pretty nose,  
Just simply grand."

And again:

"Many a Sabbath hour I've spent  
With Maud beside my knee,  
Gazing over the distant hills  
On the banks of the Congaree.  
"Many a balmy kiss I've stolen  
From precious lips too pure for me,  
While caressing lovely little Maud  
On the banks of the Congaree."

We will not say that the tone of these verses is immoral, but surely it is not elevating and ennobling. It is too suggestive.

Here are some detached bits that show unmistakably the baneful domination of Robert Browning:

"I feel like some lone deserted lad  
Standing on the shore of life's great ocean,  
Casting pebbles in its billows,  
As if to excite some past emotion."

It is in his poems dealing with death that Mr. Coogler strikes his truest note. Here is a fragment from "Two Loved Ones in Heaven; written on the death of two lovely girls who passed away a short time since in this city."

"Their days were too few to be ended so soon  
By Death's cold hand ere the fullness of noon;  
And e'en tho' fever was burning their cheek  
Of their heavenly home they did frequently speak."

In "You'll Never Think of Me" he strikes a note of pessimism which rings attractively, but, we think, quite falsely.

"You'll forget all the kindly smiles  
That I ever for you did shed;  
And if my name should e'er be called  
You'll say, 'Poor fellow! he's dead.'"

But what would he have us say? Seriously, anything vastly different, such as "Poor fellow! he is driving a horse-car in Kalamazoo," would be it, bad taste. There are signs here of that mania for acute and unwholesome analysis which has come to be the bane of the latter day *litterateur*.

Wretched taste, we think, is shown in some "Lines to Byron."

"Oh, thou immortal Byron!  
Thy grand inspired genius  
Let no man dare to smother.  
May all that was good within thee  
Be attributed to Heaven;  
All that was evil—to thy mother."

Byron's mother may not have been an admirable woman; she may have had the gravest of faults, but she died many years ago, and we protest that J. Gordon Coogler has no right to rake up any old scandal about her, especially in an ode to her talented son. Let the dead past, we say, bury its dead. Let us not, Mr. Coogler, be cruel and vindictive toward one who, whatever her failings, was once a woman. Remember your own "Lines to Woman," on p. 57:

"Oh, that inexhaustible subject  
Filled with celestial fire  
On which no seraph's song can cease,  
No poet's pen expire!"

Many of the verses hint at a past eventful with grave transgressions:

"There was a time when the fire of youth  
Burned deep within my wayward soul;  
I often strolled o'er pleasant hill:  
Where timid mortals seldom stroll."

Here and there is indicated an almost offensive vein of frivolity; but this is more than atoned for by a spirit of manliness which is admirably shown in the following:

A MISTAKE.

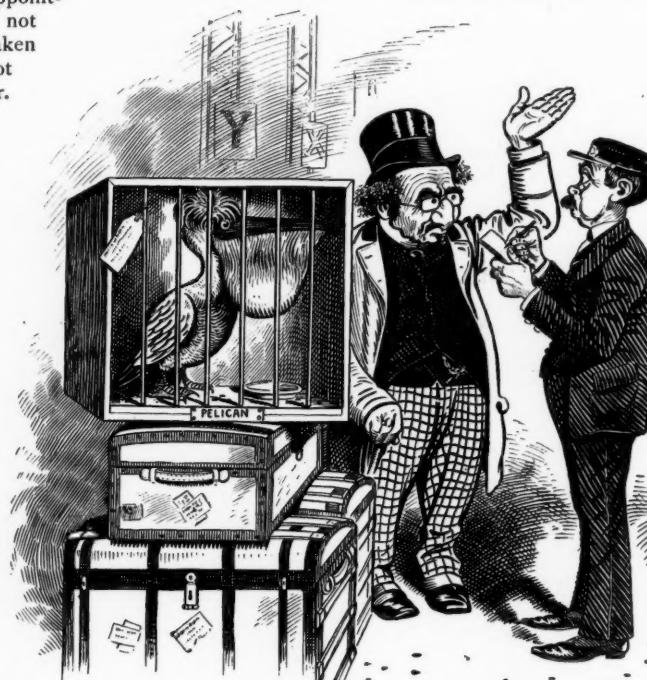
"The poem containing three verses, published in my second book, and entitled 'That Christmas Card,' are the only verses in my life which I regret ever having written. The entire poem is a mistake, caused by being too hasty.

"I would willing forfeit my right to the Muse  
If I only this day could recall  
The verses I wrote in the heat of my passion,  
Which I consider the meanest of all."

A manly and courageous *amende*, Mr. Coogler; you are the better for having made it.

As a frontispiece to his little volume, Mr. Coogler prints a tasteful, half-tone engraving of himself. He is a fine, manly-looking young fellow of some twenty-nine or thirty, with a broad, high forehead, earnest, deep-set eyes, prominent ears, and a small, dark moustache. He is dressed in a neat, well-fitting suit of some dark shade. Of the quality of Mr. Coogler's verse, we prefer not to speak. As he says, his style and his sentiments are his own; and who are we that we should say them well or ill?

H. L. Wilson.



MR. GOLDSTEIN (as customs officer examines his luggage).—Certainly I vill pay der dooty on der bird. I brings him home fer my leedle poy. You don't dakes me fer no smugglers, do you?



MR. GOLDSTEIN (arriving at his jewelry store).—S' hellup me gracious!  
Dot pird vas schoot puult for our business!

## MISLEADING EXPRESSIONS.

*This man is perfectly "straight."**And this one is "crooked."*

## THE ROSE AND THE THORN.



VRTILLA is a blushing rose,  
The sweetest on Love's tree;  
The beauty of her ripe repose  
Thrills me with ecstasy.

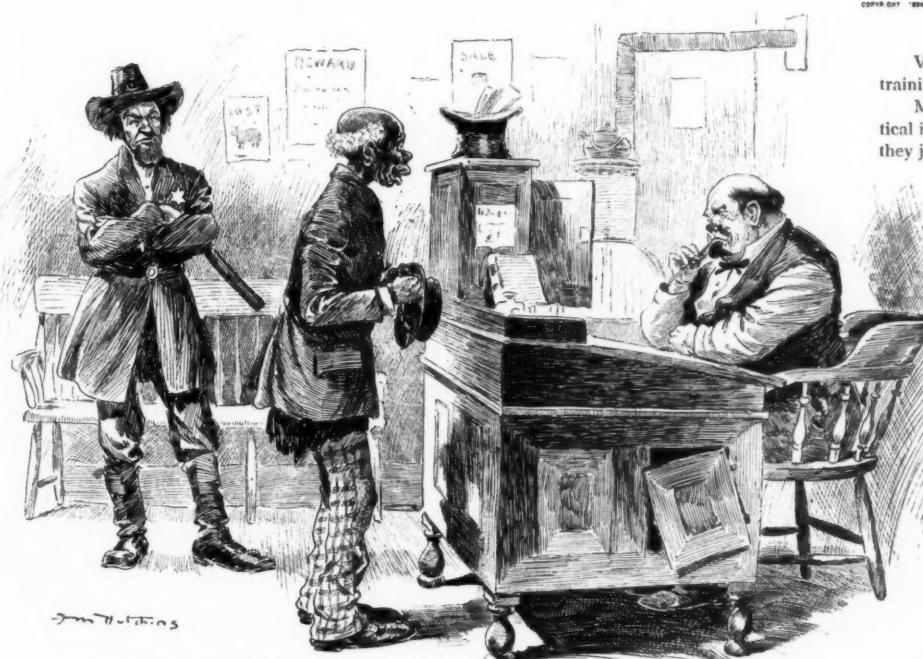
And yet, my suit she coldly scorns, —  
This haughty, proud coquette, —  
This queenly rose whose only thorn's  
The "yes" I can not get.

*R. K. Munkittrick.*

## NOT FORGOTTEN.

**PRIMUS.** — Did your rich old uncle remember you in his will?**SECUNDUS.** — Yes; he inserted a clause urging his executors to collect at once the sums he had loaned me.

## A NEATER REMEDY.

**MRS. VAN BANK.** — You remember the Prince who married Miss De Baryl? It seems he spent all her money, and they say he is contemplating suicide.**VAN BANK.** — Why does n't he try bigamy?*COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARTZMAN*

## SELF-DEFENSE.

**JUSTICE.** — What were you doing in Col. Ganderby's chicken coop?**UNCLE MOSE.** — Shu', yo' Honoh, he frettened to tah an' fedder me, an' I was tryin' to mek sech a t'ing onpossible.

## "AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

She contemplated him without unkindness.

**"But why,"** he persisted, desperately, "is not my court acceptable to thee?"

Her proud face softened with pity.

**"Is it that I do not,"** he demanded, "stand high enough in your estimation?"

Her silence gave unwilling assent.

**"Thou judgest me awrong!"** he cried. "Look!"

Striding across the apartment, he demonstrated that his shortness of stature was not such as to preclude the possibility of his turning down the gas.

## THE FUG. that writes and writes and writes

And keeps out of harm's way,

In fortune's pleasant smile will live

To act another day.

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## AT VASSLEY.

**VISITING PROFESSOR.** — How interesting! Are they training for foot-ball?**MISS STRONGMIND.** — Oh, no! We are intensely practical in this institution. That is the bargain-counter tackle they just tried.

## ONE WAY.

**WADE.** — Great heavens! Old man, what shall I do? My country cousins have come down on me for a three days' visit and want me to take them around.**BUTCHER.** — Take them to a continuous performance every day. They'll never leave it till the show's out, and then it's past their bed-time.

## ON THE BOUNDARY LINE.

**"Is he a criminal lawyer?"**  
**"Not quite; he stops just short of it."**

## ON ONE CONDITION.

**"Do you believe in dreams?"**  
**"Yes — if they come true."**

## A REMINDER.

**"And what did you think when you saw the Malay pirates swarm aboard with their creeses between their teeth — were you scared?"****"Not at first,"** answered the ransomed man; "it reminded me so much of the time I kept a restaurant in Chicago;" and he broke down and wept.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

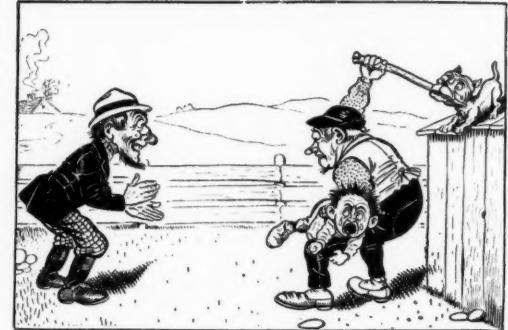
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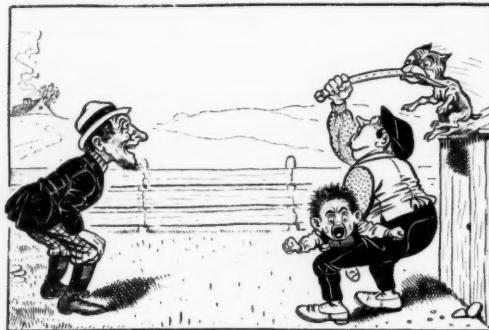
FARMER HARDACRE.—Silas Haywood, I caught your boy and his dog down in my orchard, and if you don't lick him I will ; and I'm goin' to wait here till you do it, too !



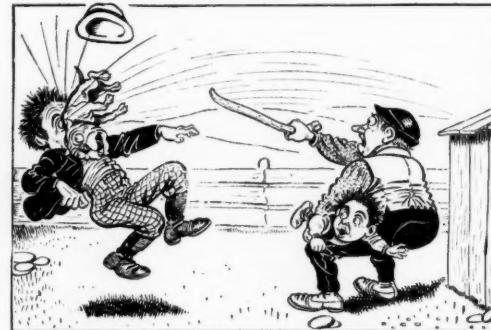
— Gloatingly. — "That's right ; give it to him for all y'r worth ! It does my heart good to see a father punish a sinful son in that way."



— "Don't be afraid ! Give him a good one !



— "Never mind the dog !"



— !!! — \*\*\* !!!! — — \* ?



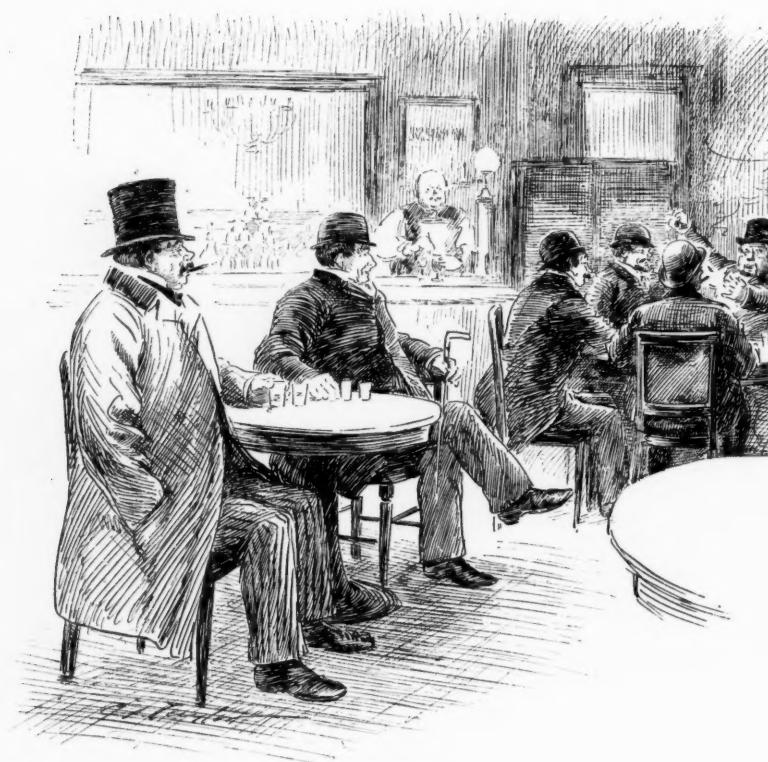
THE BOY (as FARMER HARDACRE moves from the fray). — Talk about your Abraham and Isaac, father !

## A REJECTED MODEL.

MAMA.— You ought to be more careful. There's Tommy Jones ; — he scarcely ever breaks any of his toys.

JOHNNY.— Yes ; and he don't get half as many new ones as I do.

TRY TO deserve your own opinion of yourself ; and, if you think you have succeeded, say nothing about it.



## CORRECT.

ABOUTOWN.— Who's the man that's doing all the talking ?

KNOWIT.— Why, he's the one who's paying for the drinks, of course !

## THE MAIDEN'S REBUKE.

The strong man sobbed.  
"Though you spurn me," he faltered, "I am not disheartened.  
'T is darkest just before the dawn."

She flung open the shutters and gazed forth.

"I believe you're right," she murmured.

"I never noticed particularly before."

Even then he seemed not to realize  
that the night had worn on apace.

## PASTORAL ADVICE.

THE NEW PASTOR.— Sister Yallerby, de wite folks in dis vicinity am already s'picious ob yo' husban'. Yo' hab no poultry ob yo' own, an' look at all dese chicking feeders scattah'd roun'.

MRS. YALLERBY.  
— Lawdy ! Pahson, I kain't help hit. De win' mus' a' blow 'em heah.

THE NEW PASTOR (severely).— Sister Yallerby, ebery cullud family wot libes to de windward ob a community should hab fedder beds, an' void eben de 'pearance ob ebil.



IT IS not easy for a pretty girl  
to believe that love is blind.

SHE.— I found a place to-day where I can get lace for sixty cents a yard.

HE.— Now, see here ! when I talk shop, you make me keep still.

MANY A man's greatness is all in his I.

SHE HAD two leal admirers,  
Each with an equal purse ;  
She kept them both in line, for she  
Had learned the anchor nurse.



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are copyrighted in the United States and Great Britain. All persons  
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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BIGOT AGAINST  
ZEALOT.

WE ARE sure that PUCK can not be suspected of any sympathy with the lust for power which the leaders of the Catholic Church have too often displayed. We have never hesitated to rebuke any manifestation of it that we have observed. Consistently and persistently, for seventeen years, this paper has fought against the attempts of the Romish Church to interfere with the American public school system, and to divert the public school funds to sectarian purposes. It is only a few weeks since, by means of a cartoon of exceptional force and simplicity, that we called attention to the fact that the appointment of Mgr. Satolli as Papal Delegate to this country, invested with extraordinary powers over all the local authorities of his church, amounted to nothing more nor less than the establishment of an American Pope, and that his professions of liberality and enlightenment were but a cloak for purposes hostile to our free institutions. And we take this opportunity to reaffirm our position in the matter, with the utmost emphasis, as a preliminary to expressing an equal distrust of a class of people who have laid claim to popular sympathy on the ground that they represent organized opposition to Roman Catholic aggression.

\* \* \*

The A. P. A. is an association which makes an impudent pretension to being the defender of the institutions which Roman Catholic greed has attacked. It is about as much a defender of the people's interests as a thief who joins in the chase after another thief. It is an oath-bound, secret organization influenced about equally by the two motives of bigotry and hunger for office. The war it wages upon the Roman Catholic Church is waged by underhand means and by base methods. Its newspaper organs and the circulars with which it floods the country are of the most disgraceful and offensive character. One circular, in particular, which it has for years been guilty of scattering broadcast, is so vile and indecent in language that it ought to be suppressed by the police and confiscated wherever it is found. It vituperates the heads of the Catholic Church through the whole range of history, imputing to them various foul and unnatural crimes, the very mention of which should be kept from the hearing of young and innocent people. It is simply dirty in tone and intent, and is mostly mendacious into the bargain.

\* \* \*

But it is not simply with the bad taste and objectionable methods of the A. P. A. that we have to deal. It is the spirit of the organization which is infinitely more offensive to the people of free America than any organization of the Roman or any other church can possibly be. There is no more need for such an organization in this country than there is for an organization of thugs. Here, where every man, rich or poor, can make himself a citizen, if he desires, with the right of franchise, we can fight every fair battle for civic liberty at the polls, and fight it as individual citizens, bound together by the bonds of principle, united in opposition to a wrong, and tied down by no degrading and secret oath. In countries governed by despots, where the people are deprived of constitutional liberty, such organizations are a natural and perhaps an excusable growth. In our civilization they have no place whatever, and they are an insult to its very soul and spirit. Because the vast majority of our people are justly incensed at the attempts of the Roman Catholic clergy to meddle with our public school system, it does not follow in the least that we are willing to hand over our liberties to the keeping of any association whose members are sworn to secrecy and to a partisan fealty that is utterly inconsistent with any spirit of patriotism. Such an association is, in itself, a far worse menace to a free country than immoderate clerical zeal could ever be. No church in the world, Roman or Protestant, could be more inimical to all that is vital and honorable in our political system.

\* \* \*

It may seem that a movement so contemptible would hardly call for this strong denunciation. Unfortunately, in the present condition of our politics, it is likely to be made a power for evil to a certain extent, unless the people are promptly and fully aroused to an understanding of its evil intent. It is only necessary to expose such bigotry and brutality to make the real people of the country despise it, but the exposure should not be too long delayed. The organization can never be powerful in itself, but as the tool of other parties it may be used for evil ends. In fact, it is practically in the market for that purpose, offering its votes in exchange for political power and influence. Its members are mere political mercenaries,

willing to sell themselves to any party, good, bad or indifferent, that will engage to further their purposes; and this fact can not be too widely advertised, that the people may learn to despise the most unprincipled and dishonest humbug of a political association that has ever disgraced a country. Of life we believe it has no long lease at the best, but its power for mischief should be cut short as promptly as possible, and cut short it will be as soon as it attracts fairly and squarely the attention of a free people who truly love the nation their fathers founded.

## CONCERNING

TAMMANY HALL. PUCK's opinion of Tammany Hall is well known to his readers, and there is neither room nor reason to reprint it at this time. It is enough to say that it is becoming harder every day to keep that opinion trimmed down so that it may be expressed in seemly language, for the recent exposures of Tammany methods makes the permissible terms of disparagement seem weak and futile. At the time this is written, the voters of New York are making ready for what will be a memorable fight at the polls. Tammany candidates are growing hoarse in reciting the blessings of Tammany rule, and Tammany henchmen are inviting writer's cramp from too frequent registration. On the other side, all citizens who want honest, economical government are determined to overthrow the most corrupt ring that ever looted a city. The decent element will be victorious because it is unquestionably in the majority, and, for once, is thoroughly aroused. This happens about once every twenty years; but when it does happen the ring suffers—until the decent element drops off into another twenty years' nap. The voters of New York have this year had a splendid opportunity to learn that honest municipal government is not to be had from any one of the political parties, that it can only be had when decent voters combine to fight the spoilsman in all parties, and that, except for purposes of identification, the terms Democrat and Republican mean nothing in a municipal election. If the people have been convinced of the absurdity of mixing national with local issues, then further elections will be as this one, a fight between corruption and decency; and when those lines are clearly defined, decency will always win and we will have a government in New York of which its citizens may speak without blush or apology. We are not sanguine enough to think the people have learned this lesson thoroughly. Thanks to Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst they have been aroused to the criminal foolishness of voting for their party's candidate regardless of his character and his affiliations; but, two years hence, they will probably fall back into the old lines and elect a man to administer their city government, because he believes or claims to believe in Free Trade or Protection. And yet this is not wholly discouraging. It is possible that after a few more uprisings like the present one, the people will learn the simple truth that they must fight spoilsman and plunderers, regardless of party lines. Once that is learned, and not until then, this city will be rightly governed.



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## THOUGHTFUL.

MRS. O'BRIEN.—I come in ter borry yer new hat, Mrs. Mulligan.  
MRS. MULLIGAN.—I was goin' ter wear it meself, Mrs. O'Brien.  
MRS. O'BRIEN.—Och! would yez wear it out whin it looks so much  
loike rain?

P U



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DARN YE

PUCK.



N YE BOTH!



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## AN EVENT IN BOHEMIA.

TIRE TOMKINS.—Wot's all der excitement down on der vacant lot?  
SATURATED SAM.—Dey're jist waitin' fer Happy Houlihan ter come  
wid der beer if he can find a kaig wot ain't quite empty. Han'some Dan's  
bin kerlectin' cheese all week from der free-lunch counters, an' dey're  
goin' to make a Welsh rabbit.

THERE IS nothing poetical about money. Distant prospects of it lend no enchantment to the view.



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## A DEFINITION.

TOURIST.—Who is that gentleman over there?

ABE SAGEBRUSH (*of Hawville, Oklahoma*).—That is Colonel Hooks, the well-known promoter.

TOURIST.—Pardon me, but what is a promoter?

ABE SAGEBRUSH.—A promoter is one who sells something he has n't got to people who do not want it.

## A DEFECTIVE GUESS.

"Mister," said a bright boy on the street to a passing gentleman, "will you please change half a dollar for me?"

"Sorry I can't, Johnny," replied the man; "but I have n't that much change about me."

"How did you know that my name was Johnny?" asked the boy, apparently in great surprise.

"Oh, I guessed it," replied the man, with an air which indicated that it was an easy matter for him to guess the name of any person he might chance to meet.

"Then you guessed wrong," added the boy, as he began to move away. "My name's Tommy."



THE MAN who begins at the bottom of the ladder often finds himself merely a wedge to steady it, while the other men mount over him.

IN A war of words we were sure to find  
Her a victor, and all were afraid;  
For her soldiery aimed their shafts from behind  
Quite the loveliest ambuscade.



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## HIS TURN AT LAST.

THEATRE-GOER.—Pardon my curiosity, sir, but that is most—er—remarkable hair of yours!

HIS NEIGHBOR.—Great, ain't it? Bought it at a costumer's for four dollars. These women with big hats have made me suffer for years, and now I'm getting square!

## STEADY COMPANY PROVIDED.

"You seem to have no trouble in keeping servants, Ida. How do you manage?"

"Charles looks out for that. Instead of seeing the policeman for trying our front door every night, he fees him for trying the kitchen door!"

## HER HEART BLED FOR HIM.

MRS. SIMPLETON.—I tell you, one does n't know what a great blessing a simple glass of water is. My poor husband has been deprived of it for a week.

MRS. KINGLEY.—Mercy! Why?

MRS. SIMPLETON.—The Doctor told him he must n't drink a drop.

WHEN THE penniless lordling to get a rich wife  
Of his own nationality fails,  
He crosses the ocean with heart light and gay  
And robs the United States males.

YOU CAN usually tell a man's taste in literature by his judgment in knowing what not to read.

## HOW HE LOST HER.

### CHAP. I.

**A**SOP GASBELT was glad, and with reason. He had just struck a gas well with a pressure of 333,400,000 pounds to the square inch. He was now going to Brooklyn to claim his bride, she who had plighted her troth and promised to wed him when he had made his pile.

### CHAP. II.

Gentle reader, accompany me to the City of Churches.

### CHAP. III.

With confident mien Asop sauntered rather than meandered up the vine-clad walk that led to Hortense Gillimacuddy's home, little thinking of the grief he would soon be called upon to buck.

Saunteringly, swingingly he approached the verandah. The sound of a voice gave him pause.

It was Hortense, his sweetheart, that spoke, her voice indicating excruciating agony.

"Have pity, Ashford," he heard her say; "have pity, do; you, to whom I have given everything, all that woman holds dear! You will not spurn me! Oh, Ashford, pity me! See how wretched I am! If you cast me off I will die—die! I know I will!"

### CHAP. IV.

Asop did not wait to hear a harsh, sardonic voice spurn this appeal. He turned and fled; and, as he ran, he muttered hoarsely: "Merciful Providence! my life is wrecked. Hortense not true to me! I know she belongs to the Berkeley Lyceum, and thought at first she was rehearsing a play; but amateurs can't act! No! It is impossible,—she was not acting."

\* \* \*

Asop never came back. He was not to blame. How could he guess that true dramatic genius was agitating a Brooklyn amateur?

*W. C. Higgins.*

THE WEIGHT of a dollar will bend many a conscience.

ONE BY one, like fleeting dreams,  
His fondest hopes took wing.  
She did not keep the tryst, alas!  
She did the diamond ring.



### HIS OPINION.

PARISHIONER.—Don't you consider betting a great evil. Parson?

PARSON (decidedly).—You can just bet I do.



### PAST AND PRESENT.

SHE.—You've been drinking, you wretch!  
He (reproachfully).—M' dear, why don't you let bygones be bygonesh. I'm not (*hic*) drinkin' now, 'm I?

### THE VALUE OF TRAINING.

Into the Stygian mists the boat of Charon sped.  
The dark shade shivered.  
"It is very cold," he moaned.  
The maiden with the sweet, sad face, and bright gold hair, smiled and was silent.  
Into the flaming Hades they came.  
"I am burning!" the dark shade shrieked.  
The maiden looked with pity.  
"Unprepared, unprepared," she mused. "If only he, too, had lived in a flat!"

### GOT INTO BAD HABITS.

REPORTER.—Where is your living skeleton to-day?  
MUSEUM MANAGER.—Well, it was this way! He took to reading PUCK jokes and laughing at 'em, and begun to take on flesh. So we've had to put him into training again.

### THE MASKED BALL.

"Why did the foot-ball game stop?"  
"The ball got mashed to a pulp."  
"How did that happen?"  
"A practical joker on one of the teams slipped a wig on it during the game."

THERE IS a great deal to be had in this world by making yourself disagreeable, if you do it judiciously.

A PROPHET NEVER forgets his predictions if they come true; and if they don't, his friends won't let him forget them.

THE MISSIONARY contemplated the savagery with tender regret.

"And will you not," he gently asked, "make one more effort to raise yourself from barbarism?"

The child of the forest stood with bowed head.

"Yes," he faltered; "if there is any way to keep them from bagging at the knees I am ready to try again."

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Approved: H. L. KIMBALL, Individual Judge.  
JOHN BOYD THACHER, Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

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## KEEPING HIM ALIVE

MISS RICHGIRL.—Really, Pa, it is cruel to ask George to wait until Spring. He says if our marriage is postponed he'll die.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Oh, well, I'll lend him enough to pay his board.—*N.Y. Weekly.*

THE New York Legislature is to be petitioned at the next session to permit cities to license cats. We don't know how it may be in New York cities, but hereabouts cats already have too much license.—*Norristown Herald.*

SHE.—Anything I detest is to have a photograph taken.

HE.—Yes, dear; I know it must be an awful hardship for you to try and look pleasant.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



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everywhere find a pleasing Delicacy in the soft, rich

## American Club House Cheese.

## A NEW AMUSEMENT.

LITTLE GIRL.—Mama says I must study grammar this term.

LITTLE BOY.—Wot's that for?

LITTLE GIRL.—That's so I can laugh w'en folks make mistakes. —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

## WHERE TO TELL IT.

"I'll tell you a tale that is positively hair-raising in—"

"For Jupiter's sake, tell it to Jobson; he's bald-headed!" —*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

## HARD AT IT.

PAT (approaching laborers digging in the street).—Are ye workin' steady now, Mike?

MIKE.—Sh—I am now, Pat; there's the boss over 'cross the strate there, lookin'. —*Boston News.*

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STRANGE to say, the Chinese have no use for shot silk.—*Inter Ocean.*

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"And you really enjoyed Mr. Firstly's sermon?"

HE.—Yes; dreamed I'd paid off the mortgage on our house.—*Inter Ocean.*



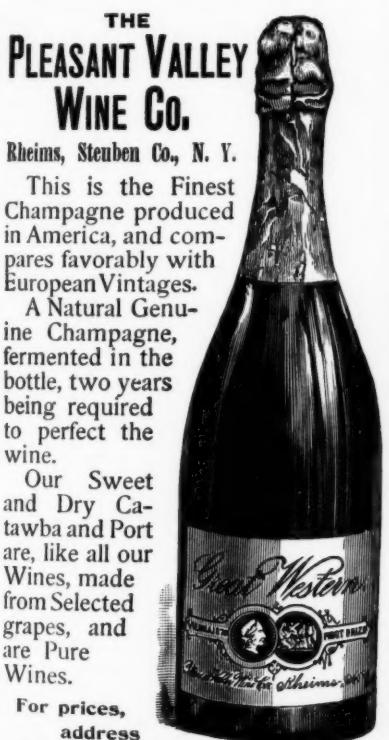
A PLACE FOR HIM.

MRS. COHENSTEIN.—Ach! dot little Ikey gif me so much troubles. He vas always playing mit matches undt building fires aroundt der house. I don't know vat to do mit him.

MR. COHENSTEIN (*anxiously*).—Rebecca, don't you think he was oldt enough to come down to der store undt be a hellup to his poor oldt fader in der business?

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THE modern pugilist should follow the example of the bass drum, which never makes a noise unless some one is pounding it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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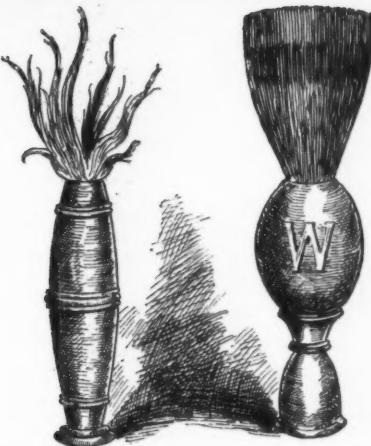
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Yonkers Statesman.

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TEACHER.—Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?

BRIGHT PUPIL.—It was Atlas, Ma'am.

TEACHER.—And who supported Atlas?

BRIGHT PUPIL.—The book don't say, but I guess his wife supported him.

Truth.

"MA," said a six-year-old, "can I wear your gold ring to-day?"

"No, dear."

"Why, you let Pa wear it."

"I know; but he won't lose it and you might. When I die you can have it."

"But you may not die for some time." — *Norristown Herald*.

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"Yes. Mr. Tinkleby bought a hundred of them." — *Washington Star*.

THE WRONG DOOR.

GIRL (jokingly). — I'd like a place where I'll have everything I want, nothing to do, and no one to boss me.

CLERK. — This Miss, is an employment office, not a matrimonial agency. — *New York Weekly*.

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HOLDING HIS OWN.

COL. BINGO (inquiringly). — Have you voted yet, Mr. Washington?

MR. WASHINGTON.—Not yet, sah. This am de only day when I'm de white man's equil, an' I'se gwine enjoy it long 's I kin befo' I cast de ballot.

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GEORGE. — I wonder why it's so easy to get engaged to a girl in the Summer?

JACK. — I just tell you what, George, after a girl sees herself in a Summer boarding-house looking-glass, she'll accept most anybody. — *New York Weekly*.

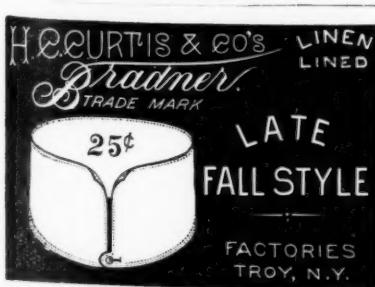
NOT A MAN.

LITTLE DOT. — Who was it that first said "Beauty is only skin deep?"

LITTLE DICK. — I never heard her name. — *Street & Smith's Good News*.

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CHORUS.—The country is going to the dogs!—Business is killed—There's nothing but ruin ahead!—Wow! Wow!